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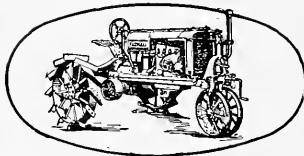
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Rebecca P. Churchman

BACK in '76 a little debutante schoolmarm first wielded a hickory rod in a little two-by-four country schoolhouse in New Castle County, Delaware. In 1914 that same schoolmarm, after full years of teaching, entered the Woman's College of Delaware, to complete her formal studies.

When Miss Churchman came to Farm School in 1918, as matron, she found her hands full attending to the many wants of the Farm School boys. Here she found a new type to study, one which was always hungry and generally in some mischief. To feed a family in those days was a hard problem and required the ingenuity of the cleverest bread-winner to solve. A family of a hundred hungry students who required three square meals a day and more, if handy, was the task confronting her. At that time the government was allotting only three slices of bread per student, limited supplies of sugar, and other essential food, so, to eke out the slender allotments through the period of shortage, she canned, pickled and stored great quantities of foodstuffs.

Miss Churchman remembers well those days when hazing *was* hazing, and Freshmen left by the earload. In those days it was a survival of the fittest. That is, those freshmen who remained had the stamina and patience to wait until their Junior year when they would not be required to attend midnight walks. Many an Alumnus still remembers when she fried eggs and boiled coffee for those few unfortunates who chanced to come in late to supper. Messrs. Groman, Samuels and Mayer were three who more than once had to depend on her for a late evening meal.

On a cold November day when the Varsity football team was attempting to bring down a stronger eleven without the aid of the student rooters it was Miss Churchman who remained throughout the entire period to root for the team. At that time the football rally consisted of a big bonfire in which plenty of wood was burned, but no eats supplied. It was through her efforts that the traditional football Banquet was started.

Miss Churchman in her capacity as matron also covered the work performed by the seamstress, dietitian, second chef and nurse. As now, there were many sicklist Johns, for whom she had her own cure.

When the Krauskopf Memorial Library was completed in 1924 Miss Churchman took up her present position as Librarian. Since that time she has instilled within the portals of the Library an atmosphere which has made it a real mecca for those who find rest in books at the end of a hard day.

The students have long learned to entrust Miss Churchman with all their personal woes. She is never too busy to answer questions and to anticipate the comfort of the students.

No Alumnus ever forgets to pay his respects to Miss Churchman when he returns to visit his Alma Mater. No student who has ever had the pleasure of knowing Miss Churchman, can forget the part she has played in making Farm School a more pleasant, worthwhile institution. Her quiet manner, lovable dignity, and human sympathy make her influence on the campus unmatched.

M. D., '31.



LITERARY

The Old Dominion Fishing Club

BY PRESIDENT HERBERT D. ALLMAN

OUR students of The National Farm School in their 1930 "Alumni GLEANER" honored a worthy man and philanthropist,—Mr. Louis Schlesinger, of Newark, N. J., Chairman of our National Board of Directors,—an ardent supporter of the school and a man one may be proud to call friend. It was a pleasant privilege to be his "week-end" guest at his new club house on Chincateague, a seven-mile island off the eastern shore of Virginia. With such a genial host and comfortable accommodations, our trip to Dixieland proved most enjoyable and beneficial.



Perhaps a thumb-nail sketch of these famous fishing grounds and club house, built upon part of their sixteen-acre preserves, may prove interesting.

Arriving at the camp after a pleasant fourteen-mile drive from the railway station, one is amazed and delighted to find all the comforts of a City Club—this, mind you, in the wilds of Old Virginia, hundreds of miles from any large city.

Instructor McQuigg, Master Mechanic, when teaching you the art of woodworking, a branch of the Farm Mechanics course, recently added to our school curriculum, no doubt stresses the importance of building scientifically, strong and economically. He will tell you, that whether you build on a large or small scale, economy is a fundamental. That is precisely what William E. Lehman, one of Newark's outstanding architects and President of Old Dominion Fishing Club, has accomplished, and the members of his club may congratulate themselves upon the completion of this practical building, artistically conceived and erected by him.

By an oyster shell pathway leading from their attractive pier, we enter a commodious porch, sixty feet long, screened on all sides, reminding one of "Smokers' Paradise." Here we find many conveniences for comfort and pleasure, including a beautiful water view, intriguing and restful. From this porch we enter the living room or lounge, through two double-door entrances, with similar openings on the opposite side, which in turn lead out

to a fine grove of pine trees. In this lounge Mr. Lehman has created a bit of perfect architectural harmony—not ornate nor extravagant, but cozy and inviting.

I venture to say the cost of construction was less than half the amount an amateur might have spent to produce a much less artistic whole.

This charming room, 22 by 34, with its high raftered ceiling in proper proportion, is flooded with sunshine during the day, and illuminated at night by a marine scheme of electric lighting, both novel and effective. Upon entering, an immense fireplace leads one to envisage a roaring log fire during the chilly days of the Fall hunting season, or at Christmas time. Wide passageways on the right lead to several light and airy bedrooms with running hot and cold water, electric bed-lights and ample closet room. To the left are steward's office, modern baths and showers, large dining room, kitchens and accommodations for the help.

The furniture throughout is simple, yet in excellent taste. I am informed that Mrs. Lehman, the good wife of the President of the Club, selected and arranged all the furnishings, and as an interior decorator, this lady obviously "speaks her husband's language."

Not a lathe or particle of plaster was used on the entire construction. Only an expert, by tapping the walls, could know that compo-board, afterwards decoratively rough-dashed in an ecru color scheme, had been economically substituted. Inexpensive hardwood floors inside, and cement on porch floor tend towards comfort, labor-saving and cleanliness. Two seaworthy motor boats, housed in a spacious, weather-proof hood, with competent guides, are at the service of members and guests. A fine sandy beach at the pier offers excellent bathing.

Lack of space prevents detailing our channel and deep-sea fishing. The sport was successful and enjoyable. Were I to tell of the weight of catch and size of fish, some of my readers might be tempted to repeat the remark of a witty Irishman, who, upon seeing an enormous fish, some fifty inches long, mounted and hung over the bar of an inn, set down his ale and snorted, "It's a d—n lie,"—finished his drink and stalked out.

Chincoteague is a mecca for hunters and fishers. The surroundings are virgin and primitive.—Hundreds of wild ponies still roam the marsh lands. Wild duck abound, and I am informed the shooting is fine in season. Most every variety of salt water fish invites the sport of angling from this wondrous island. It is also famous for its tin-tagged oysters and clams, obtainable at all metropolitan hotels and restaurants. Hard and soft shell crabs, lobsters, also diamond-back terrapin at epicurean prices are abundant. I was surprised, when visiting a native who raised them, to see the size of their eggs, one-third as large as hen's eggs.

In addition to such good fishing and hunting, "The Old Dominion Fishing Club" because of its ideal surroundings, offers a perfect haven for relaxation and health-building to the tired city dweller, and I am, indeed, under obligations to my friend for a most enjoyable outing. Chincoteague must be visited to be appreciated.

No! we didn't fish all the time, for we often discussed N. F. S., so close

to our hearts. Mr. Schlesinger showed me over a score of letters from our grads to whom he had sent a message, "That he would like to visit those within a hundred miles of Newark," and asking for directions how to reach them.

I carefully read every reply and was greatly pleased with the responses which showed their eagerness to have him come to their place of employment. They seemed delighted to learn that this busy man of affairs would take his valuable time for their interest. I hope I may find time to join him on some of these journeys.

One of the replies expressed surprise that we, the Trustees, were still interested in our boys after graduation. Of course we are! They are the final product of the school, and success in their chosen vocation means almost as much to us as to them. It is true that most of our energy and, more than all, our limited funds, must be devoted to oncoming students, in order to give all worthy lads an equal opportunity.

To carry on, especially during present economic conditions, requires extraordinary faith, courage and persistence. Yet we have confidence in the youth of America,—feeling assured they will appreciate the efforts of Dean, Faculty and the subscribing public to make The National Farm School all that it stands for—a Jewish contribution to agriculture.

Therefore, while it is not practicable to help financially, we always stand ready to give what is often worth more than money—the benefit of our experience, advice and encouragement, whenever requested.

Should this article prove interesting to our students, and bespeak a welcome to Mr. Schlesinger from our graduates—I am content.

An Adventure in the Steppes

IT SEEMS to me rather natural that now, at this season of the year, I should remember the story told to me by an intimate friend of mine.

The setting of autumn and harvest fields is similar to our own. Prairie steppes, boundless vast land, famous for richness and fertility, encircled the town which lay southeast of the great Volga River. The ease with which farm land could be obtained there, encouraged the town inhabitants to farm as a sideline. Community haying and vegetable gardening were the chief occupations, my own people preferring the latter.

"As a youngster I was very fond of outdoor life and very often lived on the fields all through the summer months. One summer, which by the way was my last summer spent in this manner, I was assigned to a certain duty on our community plantation. This duty consisted in helping the watchmen scare away the crows from the vegetables. To accomplish the job I used a noise-making contraption: an old spade in one hand which I beat with an iron rod held in the other. Late in the season, I had, in addition to the above task, to help my boss drive away wandering, self-supporting young dairy livestock from the plantation, which had been let loose by the villagers in the neighborhood.

In spite of the fight we had to carry on against such enemies, my life as a farmer, boy scout and cowboy combined, was very enjoyable. The whole season passed pleasantly without any incidents, till one that happened on my last night on the plantation. It can never be forgotten.

As I mentioned, that happened late in autumn. Almost all of the vegetables had been harvested and removed from the fields, and the people with their last crops reaped never returned to the plantation again, so that in a very short time the watchman and I were the only living human beings left there.

The season of the year with the cold unattractive surroundings, the low hanging clouds, and dark stirred-up soil with mounds of piled-up steaming vegetable vines, provoked the feeling of lonesomeness and not a little regret for not following the others home.

To understand the main reason which kept me away from the rest of my family, I must confess that it was merely the satisfaction of my boyish vanity. I wanted to prove myself capable of sticking it out, able to withstand the hardships of the rough and simple life of the poor peasant in its extreme degree.

In the course of the season the watchman used to leave me to take care of the place all by myself, while he visited the near-by town. On such occasions I felt all-important, assumed the air of a real man, and behaved accordingly toward the young bulls and calves. But toward the evenings my spirit used to become unnaturally depressed and when darkness approached I was, with great anxiety and alarm, waiting for my "big partner" to return so that we could go to sleep together.

As I mentioned above it was the last night of my stay on the plantation. The trouble started when the watchman remained away in spite of his promise to return. I was left alone amidst surroundings so unwelcome, and in wet, miserable weather. Short gray days came. The sun had forsaken the locality for quite a few days, and it seemed to me that it would never appear again. It was dreary and cold around, and how lonely! Nothing that could change the gloomy environment was in evidence. There was no living soul within miles around. The town, although only seven miles away, was hidden from sight by a hill a few miles wide. My mood became deeply depressed and I became frightened. Helplessly forsaken, I pictured to myself how robbers would appear and destroy the tent and attack me. A calf in the distance seemed to my excited imagination as the figure of an approaching dangerous brute. The bark of a dog in the far distant village I confused with the cry of the wolves. To calm my excitement I tried to keep close to the ever present calves and bulls, by chasing them in the semi-darkness from one place to another. When finally I realized that it was quite late in the night I closed myself in the tent with the intention of falling asleep.

I don't know how long I slept, but I do remember that something strange awakened me. I could see nothing, so thick was the darkness. Suddenly my ear caught the noise of breathing animals. My first thought was of wolves. In a second I abandoned this idea upon discovering my old acquaintances, the bulls and calves, who were taking vengeance on me, so to speak,

actually at work destroying the tent. Though wide awake I had been motionless for some time. As yet I don't know how I got myself outside, but I was soon swinging wildly and striking my night intruders mercilessly with a spade. For a moment it seemed to me the invading herd was retreating but alas, this was an illusion only. Tears were in my eyes. A cry, pitiful and helpless, was choking me. In the gloominess of the night, under a rain which soaked through to the bone, I wrestled with the animals for a period of time, the length of which I have not the faintest idea. Suddenly something scared the animals; they turned and ran away.

This unexpected conduct on their part made me afraid, for I thought of the hungry wolves again. Desperately I barricaded the doors from the inside of my shelter, and with the spade in my hand waited for the unknown to come. Being chilled from the rain, I was shivering all over my body. I was entirely exhausted, and an uncontrollable desire for sleep overcame me. I dreaded to fall asleep and tortured myself to resist the temptation by keeping my eyelids, which were lead heavy, as open as possible.

My nightmare was not completely over until the first signs of dawn. There was nothing that I could have appreciated more than the gray daylight breaking through the many openings made in the straw of my shelter. What a relief! Courage and hope became a part of me again. I bravely opened the door and stepped out.

Rain had ceased to pour. The sun was not yet out; hence I could scarcely see anything through the blanket of fog that was rising from the wet earth. Glancing over the field of the night's battle, I found the outer layer of my straw tent destroyed and around it were many tracks of animals' feet, some broken-down sunflower stalks, and signs of a general commotion. The rest of the early hours of the morning I spent waiting for someone to come and take me away.

With the first clear rays of the sun my longings were satisfied, for the noise of an approaching wagon could be heard from the distance. In a few minutes a white horse, with my father sitting in the wagon, drew up before me."

HARRY PLÖTKIN, '31.

Our Schoolboy Days

*Amid the roar and rattle
Of any football battle,
A kid may make
A slight mistake
And toss the game away.
And all the rooters ride him
And all the experts chide him,
And all the year
That kid will hear
About his bonehead play.*

*We censure him and blame him,
We ridicule and shame him,
But we were not
So very hot
Back in our schoolboy days.
When you and I were twenty
We made mistakes aplenty.
To tell the truth,
Our callow youth
Was full of bonehead plays.*

MAX MARKS, '33.



SPORTS



Editorial

FOR the last five years, athletics at Farm School have taken on an upward trend. Particularly in football has this marked improvement been so evident. The season of 1929 marked the completion of the most successful year in football history. Ten successive wins were recorded and no less than 323 points amassed in the record-breaking march of the 1929 ensemble. This overwhelming success, topping off a previous record of 34 wins, two tie games, and only four losses over a period of four years, has earned for Farm School teams a reputation which few secondary school teams enjoy. Incidentally, it has been increasingly harder each year to book games with teams in our class, making it compulsory for us to meet teams supposedly out of our class.

This year's aggregation, if signs are indications, will go far towards maintaining our high reputation. To date the squad has proven themselves a hard-working group of men. They are a fast, quick-thinking group, each man striving to learn as much as he can, and doing it. Led by the inimitable Captain Kleinman, and coached by our own "Babe" Samuels, than whom there is no other, we have no hesitancy in predicting that no matter what the outcome of the season, the team will have tried its best—and even if we should lose any games it won't be for lack of trying.

"Fighting hearts won't and can't be licked."

Our Season

A STUDY of the 1930 schedule brings out some very interesting facts concerning the coming season. This schedule is the most difficult ever attempted in Farm School history. Of the eight games to be contested this year, three are to be played with schools new to Farm School opposition. These are, Concordia Prep, one of the strongest prep school teams in the state of New York; Cooper Union College of N. Y., also a highly rated school, and Wenonah Military Academy. In former years, Wenonah always gave the Green and Gold plenty of competition and this year will hardly prove an exception. The remainder of the schedule is just as difficult if not more so, than the teams already mentioned. The strong McKenzie Prep. and Drexel J. V. teams will be met again this year. Hardly a soul who saw those thrilling games which we won by one point respectively

last year, will forget them for a long time to come. Then, again, we meet our old traditional rivals, Williamson Trade School, in the windup game of the season. This game can hardly be judged by past performances, as the intense rivalry existent between the two teams shows no respect for statistical ratings. Last, but not least, on the schedule are Susquehanna J. V. and Temple Prep. These two teams will also provide spirited competition in the hope of knocking Farm School off the high pedestal in the football world which it now occupies.

We urge everybody, particularly alumni, who want to see crackerjack football, not to miss a single game this Fall.

SCHEDULE FOR 1930

October 4—Concordia Prep. (N. Y.)	Home
October 11—McKenzie Prep. (Monroe, N. Y.)	Home
October 18—Susquehanna J. V.	Home
October 25—Temple Prep.	Home
November 1—Drexel J. V.	Home
November 8—Cooper Union College (N. Y. C.)	Home
November 15—Wenonah Military Academy	Wenonah, N. J.
November 27—Williamson Trade School (Thanksgiving Day)	Media, Pa.

Introducing Our Team—1930 Edition

A NEW football season was inaugurated on August 2, 1930. On this auspicious date, thirty-two candidates reported for the first practice. Although the squad is not as large as in former years, Coach Samuels does not mind this so much, for what is lacking quantity is made up in quality.

The ravages of graduation have cost us only five lettermen: two linemen, and three backfield men. It would seem as if the backfield would be coach's greatest problem. However, with the fine talent on hand, it soon won't be a problem at all.

Phil Kleinman, our stellar captain and halfback, is left over from last year. Phil is going great so far. We expect to see some fancy running on the Gridiron this fall.

Jess (Hunch) Elson is the other ball carrier who saw real action last year. Jess has been converted into a quarterback this year. With him calling the

signals, we are confident that the job is in capable hands.

Buddy (Biff) Edelman, our star right end, promises to outdo himself this year. For alertness and aggressiveness, few can equal our Buddy. That's why we feel sorry for some unwary teams that may try to circle his end.

"Grizzly" Grisdale on the other end, is another of Coach Samuels' pride and joy. Grizzly has two years previous experience behind him already and he is very anxious to round out his career in a blaze of glory.

Sam Goldfarb is back at his old job at tackle. Although Sam is a very easy going fellow off the gridiron, he is a holy terror when he sees the pigskin in front of him. This year he promises to go easy on the boys.

Fred "Turk" Rohrbaugh, the "Beech Creek" Bonecrusher, is the tackle on the other side of the line. Fred has been going like wildfire lately, smearing every play coming near him and opening up

holes large enough for a Mack truck to go through. No need for worry there.

"Hatsy" Dornan, our center, believes that action speaks louder than words, and is proving it every day. "Hatsy" is in the midst of every play and his accurate passing speaks for itself.

"Bob" Goldstein is fighting hard to win Al Gysling's old job at right guard. Although that, we admit, is a hard assignment for anyone to tackle, we have faith in Bobby. Bob is also understudy to Dornan at center and is proving himself a valuable man.

George Van Dermoot is the only freshman to win a regular position on the team. Van is the tallest man on the line, and from what we have seen of him, it is quite apparent that he knows how to make use of his height and weight.

THE INTERCLASS TRACK MEET

In one of the most bitterly fought interclass track meets of the last few years, the Juniors defeated the Freshmen by the slim margin of one point 39-38. Only a "Meriwell" stunt by Albie Rosen saved the Juniors from what seemed to be a certain defeat. With the score tied at 34 points and the mile race, the last event, yet to be contested, Albie dashed in from an all-night party, jumped into his trunks and galloped away from his two freshman opponents to win the race with about twenty-five yards to spare.

However, were it not for the valiant efforts of "Bud" Edelman, Rosen would never have had his chance to star. Buddy kept the Juniors in the running by capturing two firsts and two second places and incidentally to garner 16 individual points.

The real hero of the meet, though, was Harmon, the Freshman wonder. Harmon, besides taking part in the relay which his class won, also captured two firsts, a tie for first, two second places and a third. In short, out of the 38 points scored by

his class, he alone was responsible for 21. What a man!

"Cappy" Caplan has developed into a triple threat man this year. By virtue of this fact, he has clinched himself a place alongside Kleinman at halfback.

"Marty" Lazarow is trying hard to make the grade this year. Marty is a speed demon at going around the ends and in addition he's a good punter and passer as well. Lots o' luck, Marty!

Besides these backs already mentioned, Coach Samuels has two more capable performers in Keiser and Harmon. We'll hear plenty about them later on. For the line, Coach has good reserve men in Cancelmo, Newman, Portnoy and Murphy. These men plus the promising talent which may be developed from the scrubs, assure us another strong team.

THE SUMMARY

	JR.	FR.
100-yd. dash—Harmon, Edelman, Lazarow	4	5
220-yd. dash—Edelman, Harmon, Lazarow	6	3
440-yd. dash—Klein, Edelman, Romanenko	3	6
Shot Put—Harmon, Lazarow, Elson	4	5
Standing Broad Jump—Caplan, Goldstein, Harmon	8	1
Running Broad Jump—Edelman, Harmon, Kirschenbaum	5	4
High Jump—Tie—(Harmon and Caplan), Cavanaugh	4	5
Mile Run—Rosen, Kallen, Cavanaugh	5	4
Relay Race—(Cavanaugh, Klein, Kirschenbaum, Harmon), (Lazarow, Freeman, Raven, Edelman)	0	5
	39	38

FRESHMAN-JUNIOR BASEBALL TILT

The freshman-junior baseball game took place on June 13, 1930. The latter trampled the freshman under a 13-1 score. This win marked the third conquest of the year for the Juniors over the underclassmen and kept the former's slate clean. The high-lights of the game were the pitching of "Whitey" Seidman and the hard hitting of "Hunch" Elson.

(Continued on Page 35)

CAMPUS NEWS

¶ The past eight weeks have seen a remarkable trend of events on the Farm School Campus. The annual Alumni fracas on July 2, 1930, with its usual amount of mirth, excitement and excessive damages, started the activities for the summer in high gear. The full program was as follows:

THIRTIETH ANNUAL REUNION

OF THE

NATIONAL FARM SCHOOL ALUMNI
ASSOCIATION

July 4, 5 and 6, 1930

FRIDAY

1:00 P. M.—Registration.....Ulman Hall
3:00 P. M.—Inspection of the Alumni Home
6:30 P. M.—Supper.....Lasker Hall
9:00 P. M.—Reception and Dance
Louchheim Auditorium

SATURDAY

8:30 A. M.—Breakfast.....Lasker Hall
9:30 A. M.—Annual Meeting.....Segal Hall
1:00 P. M.—Luncheon.....Lasker Hall
2:00 P. M.—Inter-Alumni Athletic and Freak
Event Meets
6:00 P. M.—Band Concert by the Big "Green
and Gold" Band.....Alumni Grandstand
7:30 P. M.—Alumni Banquet.....Lasker Hall
10:30 P. M.—Vaudeville and Entertainment fol-
lowed by Barbecue and Refreshments
Alumni Grandstand
(Plenty of sleep for everybody at the end
of each day)

SUNDAY

8:30 A. M.—Breakfast.....Lasker Hall
10:00 A. M.—The Krauskopf Memorial
Exercises.....Krauskopf Library
12:00 A. M.—Luncheon.....Lasker Hall
3:00 P. M.—Farewells

OFFICERS

President—Isaac Stern, '08
First Vice-President—Carl Koan, '13
Second Vice-President—Edgar Hesch, '21
Secretary and Treasurer—S. B. Samuels, '21.

¶ The Optimist Club of Philadelphia made their 1930 debut with the full intentions of handing our varsity nine a full-fledged lacing. It was a rather surprising feature to note the energetic manner in which some of these old-timers could toss the old pill around. Unfortunately, old Dame Nature was in a wet mood and the game was called off after five wicked innings. The Optimists carried the tail end of a 5-3 score. The noted Bobbie Calhoun, whose ballyhooing got C. C. Pyle's bunion derby across the continent, made his presence conspicuous through his unusual large megaphone, and his motley hat. After the dinner which was given in honor of the Optimists, he recited to an interested student body a few of the humorous incidents that occurred during his cross-country hike. Several excellent addresses were delivered to the gathering by various members of the club. A standing invitation to Farm School students to make use of the facilities of the Penn A. C. was extended by its Athletic Director, John Clark. Fred Colby also promised a Farm School week at Logan, Philadelphia, when his new store is opened. On the program is a concert by the band, and a dance for the student body.

News Direct from the Dean

The Band has an engagement for October 9th to participate in a Firemen's parade in Allentown, Pa. If possible we plan to arrange for a concert at Allentown that night.

The dairy department is making preparations to exhibit about 25 head of cattle at the Doylestown Fair, beginning September 23rd; the farm department will probably exhibit about 25 head of hogs. The sow which farrowed 28 pigs last spring, will be put on exhibition, together with a number of pigs she still has remaining in her litter.

Through the kindness of Mr. Isidor Ostroff, who is now practising law in Philadelphia, we will be able to start a course in farm law, which will be held in the evening and open to all those boys going to industrials.

Mr. Ostroff is a graduate of New York University, and is now a member of the law firm of Michael Saxe in Philadelphia. This should prove an interesting course to the students.

Considering the extremely dry weather which we had this summer, by the persistent effort of the students who were handling the crops and doing good work in spraying and cultivating, etc., we were able to carry our crops through the dry season in very good condition. As a matter of fact, we anticipate a very fair crop of potatoes, a good crop of corn, as well as good vegetable crops. The only crop which really has suffered seriously is our ensilage crop. The hay crop was about twice as large as last year and should furnish sufficient hay to carry us through the entire winter. The wheat crop was twice as large as last year, our average being close to 30 bushels for the entire acreage, with some fields yielding as high as 40 bushels.

The Harvest Festival will be held on October 12, 1930, at which time it is our hope to have Ex-Governor Pinchot as the speaker.

A number of plans for new laying houses and incubator cellars for the Poultry Department are being prepared and we hope to interest someone in erecting these buildings.

For the first time in the history of the school we have had no withdrawals of freshmen during the month of August.

Maurice Lipson, 1929 class, will take charge of a 300-acre farm at Hellertown, near Bethlehem, Pa.

The school has had a very interesting letter regarding Warren Rinnenberg, 1925, who is now holding a \$6,500 position.

¶ The Professional Circle of Philadelphia held their annual picnic and outing at Farm School during the summer. There was quite a congregation of lawyers, doctors, and other professions in attendance. An ideal day helped to make it enjoyable for all.

¶ Doc Massinger, the school veterinarian and general man of affairs, invited a group of his colleagues to attend a meeting on the broad expanses of the Farm School Campus. It was more or less a get-together of the local veterinarians.

¶ The Potato Growers Convention marked the climax to an eventful season. The potato culturists, accompanied by their wives, sons and daughters, representing seventeen counties, attended the two-day convention. The meeting was sponsored by the Bucks County Potato Growers Association. A collection of \$50,000 worth of potato implements, including planters, cultivators, sprayers, etc., was exhibited and demonstrated by twenty manufacturers. It was a great day for Farm School, especially the Dean, Mr. Webster, and Charles H. Brown, '31 (the highest authority on spuds in the senior class). It was estimated that some 6,000 people attended the convention during both days.

A general meeting was held at noon of July 29, at which the President of the Bucks County P. G. A., Walter S. Bishop, was chairman. Many Penn State Professors present were formally introduced. Dean Goodling then read a message of Greetings from President Allman. In his speech of welcome, the Dean said "I have met many of you at Penn State, and I want you to feel as welcome here as you were there."

Further on, in his address, he declared, "You are prosperous because you specialize, and I believe that specialization is

what the farmer should adopt in order to make more money."

He also mentioned the results which our experiment here had shown, that seed potatoes from Michigan were much superior over home-grown seed. After this he extended an invitation to the gathering to visit the new buildings and the various farms. In concluding, the visitors were told that "We are interested in the Farmers of Southeastern Pennsylvania, and we want you to be interested in us. We are now carrying out a fertilizing experiment which will repay your investigation. If there are any other problems to be thrashed out relating to farming in Southeastern Pennsylvania, the State College is willing to investigate them, and we will be glad to work them out here with their supervision."

After the Dean had finished speaking, Percy Fenstermacher, Superintendent of Trexler's Orchards, at Allentown, and President of the Lehigh Valley P. G. A., moved that a rising vote of thanks be given to the school and Dean. This was unanimously adopted.

Mr. Grant Wright, on behalf of the Board of Trustees, reviewed the founding of the school and asked for financial aid, should the potato crop be a success.

Next on the program was Dr. E. L. Nixon, master potato grower and Professor at Penn State. After expressing his appreciation of the school, he declared that he was optimistic on the hot weather because "You will get more for the little marbles this year than if there were surplus of good potatoes."

According to this authority, the crudest operation in potato growing was that of potato digging, but he hopes soon to see a real fine digger perfected.

Goldfarb—"Suppose you were in my shoes what would you do?"

The little Gal—"I'd shine them."

Du Pont Longwood Gardens Visited

One of the best tours ever held took place Friday, August 22. The tour, which was sponsored by the Horticultural Society, covered approximately 140 miles and lasted eleven hours. The party consisted of twenty-seven students and Mr. Fiesser.

The first stop was made at the headquarters of the Fruit Growers of West Chester County, Inc., West Chester, Pa. Here the party saw the workings of a fruit co-operative: how the fruit of its clients is graded, stored and sold. The Hoopes and Thomas nurseries were also inspected at West Chester.

The next stop, which was the feature of the trip, was at the famous Du Pont Longwood Farms. Here, under glass

the party saw all kinds of rare plants. The outdoor plantings, which were next examined, caused much commendation. Of special interest was a garden designed by the owner, having a multitude of fountains controlled by an electric switchboard. The party had the good fortune of seeing the switchboard operated and adjectives, which are rarely used at Farm School, were heard.

The last stop was at the orchards of the Westtown Friends' School, near West Chester. These orchards consist of sixty acres of apples and peaches. It afforded a good example of sod mulch culture of an orchard and gave an opportunity to see many new varieties of apples.

M. HARRIS, '33.



SCHOOL BIDS FAREWELL TO PROFESSOR W. N. McCLUNG

W. N. McClung, our dairy instructor for the past two years, has resigned and left the school, to accept the position of a county agent in Martinsburg, West Virginia.

In an interview given to our reporter, just before his departure, Mr. McClung expressed his regret at leaving the school at the start of the winter courses and promised to keep in close touch with the school and the students.

According to Mr. McClung, the Dairy industry in West Virginia at present, is being developed to a degree which will eventually put that state in the ranks of the important Dairy states of this country. He hopes to see some of the school's dairy grads in his state, where he could render his best services to help them with their problems. His address: W. R. McClung, Martinsburg, West Virginia.

CONNECTICUT STATE GRADUATE TO FILL VACANCY LEFT BY MR. McCLUNG

We have been fortunate in being able to secure, before going to press, the information regarding the filling of the vacancy in the Dairy Department. It is to be taken by Mr. F. X. Brenneis, who graduated from Connecticut State Agricultural College in 1924. Some of the positions held by Mr. Brenneis since his graduation are:

Assistant County Agent in New Jersey.
Cow Tester in Maryland.

Herdsmen in charge of a pure bred Guernsey herd in Southern Maryland.

Assistant in Dairy investigations at the Florida Agricultural Experiment Station.

Herdsmen in charge of a Jersey herd at Newtown Square, Pa.

Field man for the American Jersey Cattle Club.

We welcome Mr. Brenneis to N. F. S. and wish him a long and pleasant stay.

YE GLEANER GETS COMPETITION

UNDER the title of *The Blah*, and with a slogan of "All the News What Ain't Fit to Print", a novel sense and nonsense weekly made its debut at Farm School recently. For a four-page typewritten newspaper it had quitesome pretensions. It boasted an editorial board of ten, including a domestic affairs, a love affairs, and a latest fashions editor beside the more usual staff members. It also made quite a sum of money from ads.

"What were they?" an interested alumnus might ask. One came from the A. A. store and was paid for in trade. Another came from "the big smoke man", one from a student snake collector. In the last issue, Lost and Found Ads held out prospects of a virgin field to the advertising manager. So much for the facts.

Without a doubt it filled a place heretofore very much vacant in the life of the school. It came out oftener than the GLEANER, promptly on Monday of each week. It introduced the juiciest scandals worthy of the *Daily News*. It recognized neither class distinction nor tyrannical authority. It was truly of the students, by the students, and for the students. Only after the opportunity of reading it did we realize how much it had been missed heretofore.

Such popularity nearly made our editor tear his hair in consternation. There also loomed a possibility that the GLEANER would lose a valued contributor in the person of the *Blah* editor, Morris Dogon. However, the ethics of the press were so strong with the gentleman, that he quieted our fears by announcing his steadfast loyalty to the GLEANER.

The success of the *Blah* bids fair to establish it as a permanent feature at N. F. S. We venture to say, however, that there is only one Moishe Dogon in a bucketful, and no matter what a scream the *Blah* will be in the future, we are glad that he's here with us now.

P. S. By the way, if you'll glance over our staff, you will find that Morris Dogon is now an editor of the GLEANER.

THE JOINERS

THE status of club activity in Farm School has been confusing to everyone. There are a good many clubs. Their announcements at lunch time sometimes become almost a nuisance. The faculty suspects that they are taking valuable time away from the students' class work. Students wonder whether the clubs really offer something worthwhile.

In order to clear up some of these questions we have collected some facts and from them we will endeavor to draw some conclusions.

Ninety-eight students or 61.25 per cent of the student body are members of some club or other.

Out of the total of 98 we have:

Students belonging to not more than 1 club—58 or 36.25 per cent of student body.

Students belonging to not more than 2 clubs—28 or 17.25 per cent of student body.

Students belonging to not more than 3 clubs—11 or 6.0 per cent.

Students belonging to not more than 4 clubs—1 or .625 per cent.

The Clubs considered were the Horticultural Society, Poultry Club, Dairy Club, Band, Forestry Club and Literary Society, and the percentages obtained were based on a student body of 160. None of the athletic activities were included.

Sixty-one per cent is quite high; much higher than either in high school or college. The fellows must be eager to participate in some activity outside of class or work, although associated with both.

Such a large membership would be extremely harmful to the main object of the school if the clubs were continuously active. However, there are three months when club activity is very low; June, July, and August. During those months there is work during the entire day and that time is also vacation time. Although there is motion in club circles during the other nine months, meetings are not held oftener than once every other week, except by the band. Some clubs hold meetings less frequently than that. Some like the Forestry Club and Literary Society, unfortunately, meet much more infrequently. In many cases when meetings are called, it is difficult to gather a majority of the members together.

It is true that there are class and committee meetings which take up some time, but for honest, concentrated activity the time devoted is not as large as it might seem. There is the usual expansion with the introduction of new officers at the beginning of each year, the usual dullness during summer, and the last-minute spurt sponsored by the graduating members of the clubs to keep the spirit of the organizations alive from year to year. The discussions, the projects, the trips which *are* held by the various groups are extremely interesting and educational, and form a pleasant part of the life of the school.

Perhaps if there were more leisure after work, perhaps if there were more leadership of the sort obtained by the Hort Society, club activity at N. F. S. would be more than a name.

C. C. AND H. P.

EDITORIALS

Message From Julius Janowitz at the 30th Alumni Reunion at Farm School, July 4th, 5th and 6th

LOOKING back for fully 75 years of life, I am certain the alumni will agree with me that the students of the National Farm School are in an enviable position. If you could see, as I did, the terrific struggle and hardships a young man had 50 or 60 years ago to carve out a future for himself, you would, I am certain, appreciate the great advantages you enjoy.

I ask myself, if I were a young man today, what profession would I choose? I came to the conclusion that I would choose the profession of a scientific farmer. I say profession advisedly because, unless it is entirely modern in every respect, it cannot be a success. The old farmer in his loneliness and drudgery is going out fast and young men of your type are coming in.

With good roads, automobiles, electricity, and every available labor-saving device for farm work and home, with the knowledge of agricultural chemistry, plant and animal life, and having the ability to apply such knowledge properly, farming becomes as much of a profession as medicine or law, besides being infinitely more practical. It also requires of the farmer a certain amount of manual labor which develops a healthy body and mind. Some unthinking people imagine that manual labor is degrading, but it is just the reverse. Look at some of our big physicians—dissecting dead bodies, operating on living persons with all kinds of diseases. I am certain that such work is much more disagreeable than the butcher has to do—does that detract from the dignity of the physician? Decidedly not—because it is for the benefit of humanity and scientific work.

Well, to make 2 to 3 blades of grass grow where one grew before is just as beneficial and scientific. Farming is such a diversified occupation that it gives the farmer a chance to display and exercise every faculty, talent and imagination he possesses, as few occupations nowadays offer. Therefore, it is extremely interesting, useful and remunerating, as well. Just see how overcrowded the professions are, and getting more so every day. Able chemists, engineers, and others have to work for big corporations at a salary barely sufficient to live halfway decently, with rarely a safe future in sight—after spending many years and considerable money for their education. Business men without having huge fortunes behind them, as well as smaller manufacturers, are being crowded out by chain stores and large corporations, so much so that even the precarious living they eke out in crowded cities with little comfort or recreation is slowly but surely vanishing.

When you consider and properly analyze the conditions existing today,

you must come to the conclusion that the scientific farmer, with equal diligence and a fair start, can not only establish himself in a stable industry profitably, but create a congenial home atmosphere, a happier and more independent life than any city man can possibly do. After all, it is happiness and contentment, we are all after—whether we know it or not. A healthy, sane occupation that interests us, with beautiful environments, will do more towards attaining that state than anything else.

I had plenty of chances to observe the mad chasing after the almighty dollar and you may believe me, it is not worth the sacrifice of health, anxiety, worry and the more beautiful things in life. But please do not make the mistake that because a man has a scientific training and education required for successful farming that things will grow for him without work. It matters not what the profession, business or trade may be, success comes only to those who are diligent, continue to study and work as they grow. College, or the education you are getting here, is only the foundation for an education. Intelligent work after all is the real creative power that produces results, beneficial to mankind—such results are the direct products of real education.

I thank you.

JULIUS JANOWITZ.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Janowitz is the New York State Director of the National Farm School.

How It Feels After Graduation

FINE; from looking about me, I know there is plenty of room at the top rung of the ladder to Success. There are so many people who never use their God-given spark of ambition; who never wish to achieve; or aspire to greater heights. They are content to stay where they are; indifference has a deadening influence on a man's life.

A few rules, all known to most of us, I have found to soften the hard "bumps of Life."

Never watch the clock; don't even use an alarm clock; train yourself to get up without one.

Be pleasant and have a smile for everyone.

Show a real interest in the things you do.

Don't work for the money alone.

Be frank, make friends, and get along with people.

Do what you are told; then you can seldom go wrong.

Remember 99 per cent of the trouble one encounters is caused by yourself; analyze yourself and you will find it to be true.

There is no better place to cultivate good habits than right at Farm School; you have the help of the Faculty and Students interested in you; after you get out it's not so easy to find others as thoughtful of your welfare.

You may think this is all "tommyrot" now, but some day you may find out differently, don't let that day come too late.

RUSSELL BROADBENT, '30.

FOR THE GAME'S SAKE

TWO tackles out for the same position will pound each other to shreds all afternoon until they can hardly stand up, and then trudge off to the showers arm in arm. There is a tacit understanding between them that defies imprisonment in words. They simply know and understand. There is no need of apologies when the day is done. Their problem is to find which of them will make the better tackle, and neither in honor can lessen his efforts until the coach finally passes judgment. The loser says nothing even then, but simply determines to keep after his teammate until he gets his job. It is this and similar episodes that constitute the singularly beautiful chapters of football.

Man has reached a high state of civilization when two players can beat the tar out of each other all afternoon and then go home and work on a problem of economics together.

MAX MARKS, '33.

THE FRESHMAN HARVEST

We Freshmen are now experiencing our first harvest. Just five short months ago we entered the National Farm School. For the most part, none of us knew anything about farming. We were just a group of young men who were tired of city life and hoped to find relief here.

What a sight we must have been when we came! For instance, during our first few days at the dairy we couldn't stand the odor, stood a safe distance from the cattle and frowned when we learned that we, too, would have to do the work the upperclassmen were doing. But this did not last long. In a week or so we were working here and liking it, too.

Remember, too, our surprise when we learned of the different kinds of farm machinery. We had thought that farming was mostly a matter of brawn. We've learned differently now. It's a matter of brains and brawn, with brains predominating. In our short stay here we've learned so much that it would take a good sized article to tell it all.

Our first meal in the dining room won't be forgotten for a long time. We glanced over to the Junior tables and saw a fine type of hardy young man. The Seniors looked even better. Then we looked at the frail looking Freshmen and

wondered whether it were possible for us, too, some day to be like the upperclassmen.

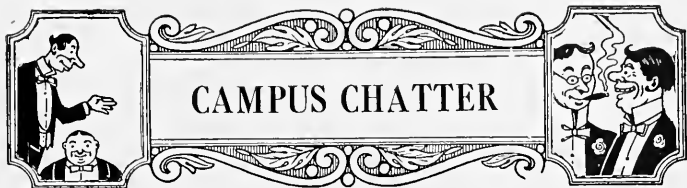
Farm School, no doubt, will have some fine crops this year. Together with the school, the Freshmen can take pride in the harvesting of a crop of their own.

M. HARRIS, '33.

AS WE SEE IT

With the approach of Farm Law classes, a step has been taken toward the realization of a vision. In the Freshman year of the '31 class, Aaron Shapiro, during a Big Day speech, declared that N. F. S. should develop young men to lead agricultural enterprises in backward foreign countries, also, to train the leaders that are needed for the cooperative movements in the agriculture of this great nation. It was rumored at one time that Aaron Shapiro himself would become a member of the faculty and deliver lectures on economics. That rumor has died a natural death. But the Farm Law courses may do much toward reviving the interest in Mr. Shapiro's suggestions.

Surely it is not inconceivable that with the progress Farm School is making, that some day, courses like Farm Economics and cooperative management will be found on the program.



CAMPUS CHATTER

Jack Paskin, that flash from Pitkan Avenue, New York, has been spending his time between three-time milkings in studying and mastering the art of plunking on a three-buck ukulele. He hopes to court some fair Rebecca up in Easton, Pa. With his crooning voice intermingling with the twang of his ukulele no damsel could possibly resist his charms.

The peaches are ripe, and with them come many sleepless nights for Mr. Purmell, until they are safely graded and sold. It can be easily seen that the boys are enthusiastic over the possibilities of a bumper crop. Several peach-eating marathons have taken place in the past week. As per usual Soopper won the grand marathon by consuming some 45 peaches at one crack. We are inclined to believe that this youth Soopper has something radically wrong inside, because immediately after completing this miraculous feat he placed himself down on one of the roosts in the A. A. store and attempted to grub set-ups.

NOW THAT THE FOOTBALL SEASON IS HERE, VACATION, AS FAR AS THE NURSE IS CONCERNED, IS OVER. THE LISTS WILL SOON BE TAKEN OVER BY THOSE INDIVIDUALS WHO ARE WONT TO SUFFER FROM SORE BACKS, CHARLEY HORSES, FLOATING KIDNEYS AND OTHER DISEASES COMMON DURING THE GRIDIRON SESSIONS. LARRY GOLDFARB AND TURK ROHRBAUGH CAN BE SEEN DAILY STANDING IN FRONT OF THE BATHROOM MIRRORS PRACTICING FIERCE GAZES. AS PER TRADITION, THE

ANNUAL FEUD BETWEEN THE SCRUBS AND VARSITY BACK-FIELD MEN IS ON IN FULL SWING. BENNY ZEIDER, SCRUB-HALF, IS THE MAIN INSTIGATOR. IT BRINGS GLADNESS TO HIS HEART TO SEE THE SCRUBS PILE ON SOME POOR UNFORTUNATE VARSITY MAN WHO HAS BEEN NABBED UNAWARES IN SCRUB TERRITORY.

The annual faculty picnic held at Chalfont was the scene of much mirth and heavy eating. No casualties from stomachaches were reported, although the meal was heavy. The morning was occupied by playing baseball and caddy (a new Farm School game). In the afternoon most of the students who could afford the price of two bits participated in the frolics at the Chalfont pool.

Tony Kauffman has all the qualities that a music master could pray for. Tony chose to spend his hard earned summer vacation in bettering his knowledge of the Clarinet by playing continuously from morn till night for a period of eight days. In that time it is estimated by his neighbors that he played every number from "The Unfinished Symphony" to Al Jolson's "Mammy". Now, if Tony Kaufman will only keep at this pace for another three months, he may be able to offer Cal Liske, another Piccolo hound, a little competition.

As per custom most of Dean Goodling's summer session was devoted to reprimanding students who just couldn't help over-staying their vacations.

PEE WEE GOLF AT N. F. S.

When miniature golf first made its debut, it was really the answer to a man's prayer who had neither the money to buy swell golf suits nor a back yard to transform into a miniature golf course. At Farm School we are rather fortunate in having some fifteen hundred acres on which we could design several miniatures, if necessary. The Farm School miniature golf course is on a slightly larger scale than the standardized city lot course. It consists of the two football fields, the baseball diamond and the Dean's house as the main hazard. In teeing off, one starts at the lower golf goal post facing Lasker Hall and drives for the first goal post on the new Alumni Field. Usually the golfer takes all precautions to avoid smashing any of the numerous windows in the Dean's cottage. Here at school more stress is laid on the individual abilities of the golfer. Clothes do not make the golfer here. An old pair of work pants, a khaki shirt and old shoes is what the well dressed golfer's wardrobe in Farm School consists of. If no high faluting golf sticks are available, an old hockey stick will do. The use of the golf course is free to all but, we advise that you make a hasty departure when the Dean comes tearing over.

FOOTBALL SEASON

Football season is here.

*The very smack of the air is tinged with it,
Soon the days will be shorter
And the scrimmages longer and harder.*

*Little Napoleon will be in his prime,
When bloody Labor Day comes around.
Scrubs to the front of him, Varsity on the
defensive
Clipping and tackling, body blocking and
riding.*

NEW STAFF MEMBERS

After showing his stuff in two successive issues, Nate Epstein, '32, has proven a valuable new addition to the GLEANER staff in the capacity of Art Editor. His cover designs have won general praise. He is as full of ideas as our peach trees are of the luscious fruit. "Eppie" is always willing to oblige, and to listen to suggestions, and then do his darndest to carry them out. In him the GLEANER staff of next year will have a sure thing.

Besides being interested in snakes and such, Morris Soopper occasionally stoops to do a little scribbling. We've been expecting a love story but the nearest we've seen is some good sport write-ups. The interest is there, however, and the staff is glad to welcome him as a new member.

SAY IT WITH SONG

You Were Meant For Me—Sunday morning details.

Just You, Just I—Weinstein at No. 1.
I May Be Wrong, But I Think I'm Wonderful—Sid Bernstein, à la Helen Kane.

Honey—So near to us, and yet so far.
Why—Why do we get our week-ends off.
With You—Marks feeding hogs at No. 5

Soon the air itself will ring to the quarter-back's signals,

*The onslaught of line against line,
Pass against pass, and punt against punt,
And hell itself will ride in the backfield.*

*Then sweet winter, sweet sweet winter,
For sore backs, sprained ankles and
what not
To recuperate in the warmth of the Farm
School infirmary,
With daily choice of either red, white or
green pills.*

M. DOGON.

AGRICULTURE

WHAT'S DOING ON THE FARMS

Although our harvesting season is not completed it is possible to give a nearly accurate estimate of the final results obtained by the various departments for the season of 1930. With the exception of the Horticultural Department most all summer activities are being brought to a close and fall programs are being outlined.

As a whole, the year has been a successful one. We were practically unconcerned with the drought calamity, which has been national in its character, except our potatoes, which suffered slightly. The late showers have tremendously improved our fruit, the same being true of our silage corn. Yields were exceptionally good. There has also been marked improvement in the management of the different departments. Efficiency in labor is evident from the fact that we finished our work earlier.

THE HORTICULTURAL DEPARTMENT

For the most part the summer months were busily engaged in the seeding of vegetables and the harvesting of the early crops. All available land was used in an extensive program of vegetable growing. At this date our sweet corn is off, as well as cabbage, cucumbers and beans. Beets, carrots, and tomatoes will be coming in for some time yet. Late plantings of spinach are being seeded now.

Mr. Purnell could use a few robots right now very profitably. The peach crop is a bumper one, but we have hardly enough help to pick it. The smokehouse crop is very good. Immediately after the peach crop is over, harvesting of grapes will follow.

Did it ever strike you:

That it takes from 40-50 leaves to produce an apple?



DAIRYING

The resignation of Mr. McClung, our former dairy instructor, who leaves us to become a county agent in West Virginia, has been met with much regret. The milk supply is rather low now. All the drains in the barns are now repaired and working properly, something which they have not done for some time. The Silo is being refilled for the year. Prof. Weinstein is becoming quite skilled at pasteurizing, as he is now able to do it without boiling the bacteria alive.

IN GENERAL AGRICULTURE

The threshing is almost finished. Yields from wheat average 36 bushel per acre, and a new variety of oats grown for the first time at the National Farm School averaged 40 bushels to the acre. The farms are now being limed and prepared for seeding wheat. The outlook for potatoes is not as bright as predicted, the crop being somewhat hit by the drought. The fields have been kept clean from weeds and regular sprays were applied. Corn silage is averaging about 8 tons to the acre.

AMONG THE FLOWERS

First mums of the season will be coming in during the next two weeks. Pansies and Delphiniums have made a good strike. For the first time cuttings of Boxwood, Azalea and the Variegated Privet were taken and so far they look exceptionally good. The Calla Lilies were transplanted, but as usual some loss has been suffered from root rot. The Seniors are having classes in floral designing.

Trimble—"Why do you call your car 'Opportunity'?"

Mr. Groman—"Because it's always knocking."

WITH THE POULTRY

The summer period was not especially arduous as far as the poultry department is concerned. Odd jobs, such as overhauling and repairing were the most exhausting tasks. All hens were culled; poor layers were fattened and disposed of. Range pullets will soon be housed; 400 pullets, which were kept in confinement, have now been placed in their permanent house. Some trapnesting is still being carried on. A donation for several pens has been most appreciated and all the department wishes now is the proposed new building and some good cockerels.

IN LANDSCAPING

The largest grading and lawn-establishing job to be attacked by this department since its establishment has been completed in good time. On the 4½ acres of land, drainage was established by natural grades. A 7-7-7 fertilizer was applied at the rate of 700 pounds per acre. The seeding was all done by hand broadcasting and 550 pounds of seed were used in the process. The lawn when completed, will be like that on the football field, as the same "Athletic" mixture was used on both plots. Other work consisted in watering the young perennial seedlings and caring for the newly rooted soft-wood cuttings of evergreens, deciduous trees and shrubs.

IN BEEKEEPING

The bees have been visiting our peach orchard regularly. It seems that sources of nectar are scarce, although the Golden Rod is now beginning to bloom. The fall extraction will soon be under way but the crop hasn't come true to expectation, due to the early rainy season.

Standardization

MORE than ever before, particularly in the past few months, has the subject of standardization been so widely discussed in our leading agricultural periodicals. To the outsider who is not well informed about the ins and outs of the fruit industry, the uneasiness with which the fruit producer (especially those who depend largely on disposing of their fruit through export) are facing the situation seems strange. Not so to the modern fruit grower who has easily perceived the outcome of such negligence in the improvement of our grades and the establishment of a law covering all phases of fruit standardization.

The progress of standardization in other agricultural products, such as potatoes etc. has been far more satisfactory than that of fruit. The latter is now being well graded, washed, and packed in convenient attractive packages, bringing the grower much higher returns for his labor. Since fruit is a more luxurious and costly product, it should therefore receive more attention.

Because the apple dominates our domestic, as well as foreign, markets, proper care should be devoted to it in improving its quality and appearance.

It was only a short time ago that England, our largest importer of fresh fruit, placed an embargo on apples not satisfying the requirements of the grades U. S. No. 1 and U. S. Fancy. Immediately afterwards Argentina and the British Isles followed with the enforcement of similar restrictions, and there is a possibility that in the near future the Continent may follow these restrictions.

So now, if we are to continue trading with these countries and try to expand by procuring new markets, American grades will have to come up to specified standards.

By the term "Standardization" is meant, that the fruit must be true to its variety, must have the correct size, color, firmness and only a certain percentage of mechanical injuries. Very likely in the future the degree of acidity will be considered of importance.

It is understood that no modern and efficient fruit grower will attempt to underrate the necessity of such a practice, and the benefits that may be derived from it. Therefore to accomplish this end he must lay as much stress upon this operation as he does upon all others of the cultural methods employed in the production of fine quality fruit. For it is absurd to adhere to modern methods of pruning, spraying and picking and then to include in the pack all sorts of specimens, which result in loss of confidence in the grower.

The amateur who enters the fruit business, may learn much from the sad experience of those growers who stubbornly continue to employ conservative methods of grading.

In some counties, Bucks County included, there are hundreds of varieties grown which are commercially of little value. Since the fruit is largely sold independently and not through co-operative associations, it has brought great loss to the growers, as well as causing complications in the management.

Instead of trying to market small lots of various varieties known only to local trade it is the most modern approved practice to ship large lots of widely known varieties.

The Pennsylvania State College has recently issued a bulletin of information concerning the selection of varieties that will thrive under certain climatical conditions prevailing in the different counties. This will prove very educational to those who foresee the relation between stand-

ardization and variety selection. The station also advocates few varieties instead of many unworthy non-commercial ones.

Today only a few states have enforced the act of standardization; in other states the act is optional. Among the leading apple-producing states, Michigan though not the highest in production, stands first in the accomplishment of thorough grading, having only seven commercial varieties. Washington, our largest apple-producing state, is taking radical steps towards stabilizing its outstanding product. New York, the second largest apple-producing state, is sincerely elaborating on new methods of grading. The new proposed grades "Utility" and "Combination" are yet in their experimental stages, and the future alone will prove their practicability. New Jersey, our next-door neighbor, who until a short time ago practised a most haphazard method of grading, is beginning to realize the danger which lies in poorly graded fruit. Virginia, who produces a large part of our apple crop, is following the example of the other more progressive states.

Only through strenuous efforts of the growers and all agencies who are connected with the fruit industry, such as the U. S. Government experiment stations, etc. may the apple, as well as our other deciduous fruit, become a favorite on the market.

B. GAYMON.

ONE-COW DAIRIES

Segis Pietertje Prospect produced 37,381 lbs. of milk in one year.

May Echo Sylvia produced 1,005 lbs. of milk in seven days, an average of 143 lbs. per day.

Rolo Mercena De Kol produced 41.5 lbs. of butterfat in seven days.

Note: these cows were all Holsteins.

SYDNEY STONE.

SOMETHING NEW IN ALFALFA CULTURE

ALFALFA is, undoubtedly, the most valuable hay and forage crop for cattle, sheep, and hogs. As such, it has been studied and experimented with for years, in order to give the farmer the best methods of growing this valuable, but somewhat temperamental, plant.

Up to the present time, farmers were always advised to cut alfalfa for hay when the secondary shoots had started to grow out from the crown, but before they were high enough to be cut by the mower bar. Usually, at this stage, the field seldom showed more than a few blossoms. This method of determining when to cut was unreliable, as in dry seasons the shoots had not started and the field was in bloom, while in wet seasons the shoots were well grown before a single blossom had appeared.

Recent work at several experiment stations seems to prove that delaying the cutting until the crop is in full bloom produces the heaviest yields of the most valuable hay. Hay made this way does not have the finer stems of the early cut hay and apparently is not so completely digestible, but contains more total digestible nutrients. It has been definitely proven that two cuttings of full bloom hay weigh fully as much as three crops of early cut. This practice of late cutting also leaves the plants in a healthy and vigorous condition, less susceptible to winter injury, and better able to choke out grasses and weeds.

Should the grower at any time perceive a decided yellowness in the field of alfalfa, he should mow it immediately, regardless of size. The yellowed shoots were not growing, and the timely cutting stimulates growth.

SYDNEY STONE.

Temper—Or Temperament

TEMPERAMENT in dairy cows is not as important to the owner of dairy cattle as it is to the man who handles the stock. Dairy temperament in cows is something we often look for in our stock, but do not seem to find. With the average worker at details, it is more often a matter of temper, especially when all the cows seem to go deliberately into the wrong stanchion. Of course, the cow in the average small herd is shifted around very little, and always knows where she belongs. Our equipment and system of management necessitate changes at frequent intervals, and it is the exceptional cow that knows where she belongs.

Anybody who does dairy details will swear that Holsteins are the wildest, stubbornest, most ornery creatures on four legs. As a matter of fact, the Holstein is the quietest and most docile of any of our dairy breeds. Any cow which is browbeaten and roughly handled will shortly develop into a first class nuisance; and when, in addition to this the cow is rather dull-witted, we also discover obvious symptoms of stubbornness and nervousness. This is what has happened to the Holsteins at our dairy. Give the black-and-whites half a chance, and the will to please will soon be evident.

The other extreme in temperament is the Brown Swiss. Here we have a cow that is rather sluggish and indifferent, yet possessed of a keen sense of right and wrong. This unusually strange frame of mind for a cow is recognized by breeders as "phlegmatic", and is truly a breed characteristically a matter of breed peculiarity. Years and centuries of rigid training at the hands of the slow, but insistent Swiss dairymen have stamped the mark of domesticity upon the big brown cows. One might dare to connect such uncommon inaction with ill-health and loss of vitality, but let me say that

no breed has the vigor, the hardiness, the strength, of the Brown Swiss.

The Jersey is in a class by itself, as far as development and care are concerned. Ever since Caesar wore short pants, the cattle on the island of Jersey have been milked and cared for by women. No other breed has ever been thus treated over a period of years. The natural gentleness and quiet ways so typical of women caring for cattle has evolved a breed that is obedient, docile, yet ever alert and quick to resent an injustice. Jerseys have been petted and babied too long to get used to the treatment that the Holstein sometimes receives.

In the Guernsey we strike a happy medium. She is by nature alert and active, yet their very docility makes them appear sluggish. They have received probably the squarest deal of any breed, and did not get the coaxing or manhandling. On Guernsey Island, the cattle are a secondary concern, first consideration being given to the many acres of vegetables grown for the English markets.

Of course, dairy temperament, breed peculiarities, etc., do not interest a lot of people. From a purely business point of view, however, it pays to study the cattle you handle, and remember that all cows appreciate a square deal, and they surely deserve it.

SYDNEY STONE, '32.



Trustful Not Trained

ALUMNI NOTES

John Simons, '26, was recently married. The staff extends its heartiest felicitations.

Sam Marcus, '30, who left several months prior to graduation to accept a position, dropped in on us on his vacation, and from conversation with him, we found Sam well informed on up-to-date methods in poultry.

Harry Weissman, '29, again may be found at Chalfont, Pa., working on a general ag. farm, where he was formerly employed. We hope the inducement has been worth while. For the last few months he has been in charge of a 3-time herd in N. Y. State.

From Saltsgiver, who was vacationing in New Hampshire, comes a report that Max Selkowitz of '30, is employed as a caretaker of an estate, with a small greenhouse on it, at Bennington, N. H., and is raising capons on the side. Good luck, Max.

Ken Coleman, '30, very surprisingly announced his marriage a short time ago. The little lady is Miss Patteson of the office staff with whom we are all acquainted. Congratulations, Ken.

Dal Ruch and Roy Stuhlman, the inseparable melodians of the Class of '29, dropped in the other day. The former had just returned from an extensive tour of the European capitals, accompanied by his orchestra. En route he visited Freiberg, Heidelberg, Berlin and Basel, Switzerland. He performed for a time at Deauville, France. Roy also played with a musical aggregation this year in a resort near Philadelphia.

Friedland, '28, whose outlook had seemed so bright several months ago, has met with adverse conditions this summer,

due to the drought, which practically ruined his crop yields.

Irving "Boston" Brooks, '29, our garrulous friend, surprised us with a visit some weeks ago. He has been engaged in various lines of work since graduation; at present he is leisurely touring the country.

Nate and Buck Werrin, '30, are now frosh at the U. P. Veterinary school. Kisseleff, '29, has completed a year with a high ranking in the same course.

Many members of the class of '29 and '30 were in attendance at the Junior Prom last month and many remarked that it rivalled the affairs of a year or two back in every respect.

Lipson, '29, has been given a wonderful opportunity. He is to develop a 200-acre farm into a vegetable and fruit enterprise for a prominent railroad official in the Lehigh Valley district.

We are sure of your capabilities, so buckle down and make good, Lippy.

Michael Sherr, '26, who has been working for the past few years in the landscape and greenhouse trade, has informed us of the "hard times" around central U. S.

Bolton and Bauman, '30, are working on a fruit farm at Lexington, Mass. Mr. Purmell regards their progress and prospects as very good.

Jerome Arnovitz, '30, is employed on a poultry farm at Accord, N. Y., taking care of the trap nesting, as well as 600 laying hens and 800 young pullets and cockerels.

Mr. McKown—"Yablanko, spell 'avoid'."

Yablanko—"Vell gimme de void foist."



Wild Bird and Animal Life



RING-NECKED PHEASANT

PHASIANUS TORQUATUS (GMELIN)

The Ring-necked Pheasant was first introduced from China into the United States near Portland, Oregon, 1881. The eggs are laid in the spring and the young are cared for and watched closely by the parent birds. A large toll of young pheasants is taken every year by carnivorous animals and birds of prey.

The destruction done by pheasants is that of eating young corn plants, peas, grain and even potatoes, but aside from their destructive traits they are more beneficial. Pheasants destroy quantities of grasshoppers, June beetles, caterpillars and weed seeds. If its increase is too great it can easily be controlled by having a longer open season.

The pheasant has many enemies, foxes, wolves, dogs, weasels, great horned owls, goshawks, duck hawks, cooper hawks, eagles and ruthless hunters. Under man's care they are increasing every year.

RED FOX—VULPES FULVA—AND ITS RELATIVES

The common Red Fox and its relatives inhabit the forested regions in the temperate and sub-Arctic parts of both the Old and New Worlds. Like other types of animals they break up into numerous species, and geographic races.

This little animal is distributed throughout the west, Rocky mountains to central New Mexico, and the Mount Whitney region of California and throughout the Eastern States to Maine. It was, however, introduced south of Maryland and is now common in the south to central Georgia and west to Louisiana. The Red Fox is replaced by a larger variety in Nova Scotia, which is more rusty red in color. In Newfoundland by a smaller animal, which has larger hind feet and claws, and has a dull rusty red coat. The largest fox in the world is found in Alaska, and the islands along the coast. Compared with its relative in the United



States it is built more like a wolf.

This animal digs its own burrow in the ground, having several entrances to escape its enemies, especially the wolverine. They have a litter of seven to nine whelps which are cared for by both parents and are constantly taught about woodcraft, stalking their game and how best to escape man. Their intelligence is very intensive, and they can deceive the best man. Foxes like to rob domesticated poultry when the landscape offers the best of protection. When driven they will rest, hide and either swim or walk in running water to throw their pursuers off their trail.

S. C. RAVEN, '32.

OF WHAT VALUE IS ETHYLENE IN THE RIPENING OF FRUITS AND VEGETABLES?

IN THIS scientific age of ours, agriculture, not less than any of the other industries, has kept up the pace of progress. Hardly a day goes by that some new discovery or invention is not put to the test. This time it is a gas, not a poisonous one, but perhaps a beneficial one.

This controversy over the ethylene gas reminds one of the big ballyhoo that was raised when mulch paper was first tried. Some growers condemned it and others praised it; but suddenly the turmoil ceased and little was said about its merit or demerits, and today you will still find many vegetable and fruit growers who get wonderful results from using mulch paper, while others curse the day that they first tried it.

This time it happens to be a scramble between two scientists, and scientists, as you know, are always right. It will depend on the future to decide which of the two is right. The two gentlemen

involved in this argument are no less than the two distinguished professors, R. B. Harvey of the University of Minnesota, and R. P. Hibbard of Michigan University.

Professor Harvey wrote a 36-page bulletin on the finest paper obtainable, sponsored by the station he gives his services to, claiming from experiments that ethylene gas will, under favorable conditions, ripen Pineapples, Bananas, Oranges, Apples, etc., as well as most of the vegetables. Down sat Professor Hibbard and replied immediately with a valuable manuscript, shattering all theories of the former professor. With facts upon facts, Professor Hibbard proves from his experiments that the practice of using this gas is only beneficial, and advisable, in individual cases such as in the tomato and a few others that are only partly aided in this ripening process, and are hardly worth mentioning.

If you are interested in obtaining first-hand information, refer to bulletins No. 247 of Minnesota, and Technical—Bulletin No. 104 of Michigan.

Do You Know That:

That a high test fertilizer is now being manufactured from grasshoppers?

That a Russian discovered the so called "Vitamins"?

That there are nearly 1000 varieties of apples grown in Bucks Co.?

That all Fordson tractors are manufactured in Ireland?





EXCHANGES

THE only magazine we received in exchange for several dozen good GLEANERS was the *Community Messenger*, published by the Trenton Y. M. H. A., a very highbrow publication, whose fiction and essays we would not insult by a lesser caption than "Belles Lettres", full of the New Poetry, New Thought, and highly intellectualized sonnets. Can it be that other college publications, recognizing their inferiority, or superiority, blush to reveal it to us? So be it. We commend the *Community Messenger* for its bravery in inviting what must be at best an unfortunate comparison with us, and its reward will be to be let off thus easily. Other papers more eminent will not fare so well.

The Blah. (A Farm School sheet financed and published independently of faculty supervision—hence its liveliness.) That was a paper, now, that was a paper! Truly the delightfully wicked die young. Although I was an editor (honorary), and was once even favorably exposed in its columns, yet, believe me, I write in the spirit of most sober criticism when I say that the *Blah's* only equal past or present was the *Spectator*, an antique sheet edited by Joe Addison and Dicky Steele, and sedate old Joe and frisky Dick must yield to Moish on the score of liveliness.

The Saturday Evening Post. I always feel when I read the *Post* that I am being roped in to read the advertisements. It has been a long time since I last felt this way.

Time, the Newsmagazine. If the *Literary Digest* were suddenly transformed into a creditable imitation of

Time, it would have no subscribers, for all the intelligent people in this country already read *Time*.

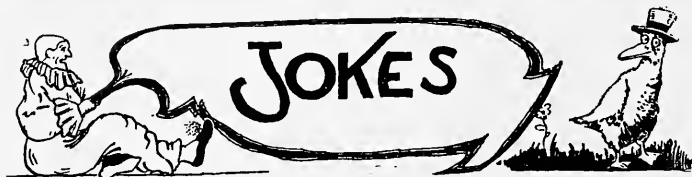
Current History. As they say in the high school Exchanges, Why don't you liven up your pages a bit? A very ill-balanced magazine. Nothing but history. Who cares about history? Where are your jokes, stories, poems, gossip, above all where is your exchange department?



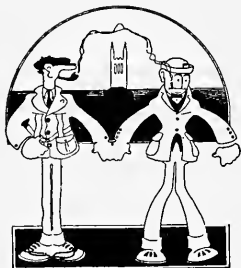
The Outlook and Independent. The *Outlook* was once a prim magazine edited by a dyspeptic old college professor for long-faced people with silver rimmed nose-nippers, and the *Independent* sadly belied its name. But recently some gay young dogs took hold, merged, breathed life into dead bones, and belligerently maintain an independent outlook on affairs.

Hearst's International Cosmopolitan. A magazine with such a paradoxical name as *Hearst's* (a very narrow national possessive) *International* (among the nations) *Cosmopolitan* (the whole blooming universe), edited by a man with the short name Ray Long, after all can't help exhibiting contradictory elements. Of all the girl-on-the-cover mags, however, *H.'s I. C.* is least offensive.

The Country Gentleman. Its largest sale is among city folk, and the country people who take it are notoriously simple.



"The talking pictures have a never ending possibility, but we shudder to think of a slow motion film of a man stuttering."



Rohrbaugh—"Which is more important, a man's trousers or his wife?"

Cancelmo—"Well, there are a lot of places a man can go without his wife."



Edelman to the light of his love—"Do you know the difference between a taxi and a trolley car?"

The light of his love—"No, I really don't."

Edelman—"Good. We'll take a trolley car."

Tessie—"A little bird told me that you were going to take me out to the 'Junior Prom'."

Goodman—"That bird must have been a little Cuckoo."



First Inventor—"I've invented a fuel-less motor."

Second Liar—"Does it work?"

First Nut—"Absolutely. No fuelin'."

"I hear Charlie is not eligible to play this game."

"Yes, and the university is looking around for two more professors."

"What is the shortest distance between two points?"

"Lindbergh!"

"*This is how the story ends,*" yodeled the bricklayer as he put his last brick of the twenty-third floor in place.



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FRESHMAN-JUNIOR BASEBALL

(Continued from page 13)

Behind the superb pitching of the Junior ace, the upperclassmen soon ran up a big score against the fighting but inexperienced Freshman team. Elson had a field day at bat, gathering five hits off the combined offerings of Harmon and Cavanaugh out of five times at bat. For the Freshmen, Burns starred with two clean hits, one of which scored their only tally. Buddy Edelman had the unique experience of being hit by a pitched ball on all five appearances at bat. That's one for Ripley.

LIBRARY EXPANDS TO BASEMENT ROOMS

According to Miss Churchman, the librarian, the newly added room is already being utilized by the library, storing duplicates of all books on literature, out-of-date text books, encyclopedia sets, duplicates of Department of Agriculture year-books, magazines, and many other articles. The shelf-space thus provided in the main floor is being rapidly occupied by copies of the latest books published.

Thanks to Mr. Hart Blumenthal the library has become enriched with the bound *National Geographic Magazines*, beginning with volume 23, containing the issues of July-December, 1912, to volume 45, containing the issues of January-June, 1924.

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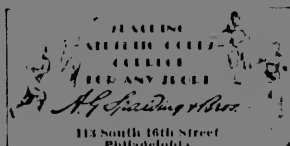
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